

~~Revised by R. Hopkins~~
Sacred Hymns

R. Hopkins

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

By JOHN MURLIN.



*Both young men and maidens, old men and children,
let them praise the name of the Lord: for his
name alone is excellent, his glory is above the
earth and heaven. Psalm cxlviii. 12.*

L E E D S :

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Sacred Hymns.

H Y M N I. (Common measure.)

For the Morning.

- 1 **T**O thee, O LORD, whose tender care
My ev'ry want supplies!
I offer up, in praise and prayer,
My early sacrifice.
- 2 Here, by thy providence, I stand,
And view the chearing light;
Preserv'd, by thy Almighty hand,
From dangers of the night.
- 3 With prayer the morning I begin,
Thy gracious ear incline,
And keep, O Lord! from ev'ry sin
This ransom'd soul of mine.
- 4 While in this howling wilderness,
Thy helpless child defend;
And with thy gracious presence bless,
And keep me to the end.
- 5 And when I render up my breath,
Support me by thy grace,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And then behold thy face.
- 6 Transported at the glorious fight,
I'll endless praises sing,
And shout all majesty and might,
To thee my GOD and KING!

H Y M N II.

For the Evening. PART I.

- 1 **I**NDULgent God! thy tender love
Hath pointed out my way;
And crown'd, with favours from above,
Another happy day.
- 2 What shall I render to thee, LORD,
Whose providence I see,
A thousand blessings hath conferr'd
On such a worm as me!
- 3 Supported by thy gracious hand,
Before I close mine eyes,
I offer up, at thy command,
An evening sacrifice.
- 4 For every blessing I receive,
Thy goodness I adore;
O, let me to thy glory live,
And ne'er offend thee more!

PART II. *At lying down.*

- 1 IN faith to my Redeemer's care,
His purchase I resign;
O, Saviour! in thy bosom bear,
An helpless child of thine.
- 2 In silent watches of the night,
From ev'ry evil keep,
And let me with the morning light,
Arise refresh'd with sleep:
- 3 Or if while sleeping, Death surprize,
And call my soul away;
Translate me into Paradise,
To dwell in endless day.
- 4 There let me see thy glorious face,
And join the saints above,
Who praise thee for redeeming grace,
And everlasting love.

H Y M N.

(5)

H Y M N III.

For a Penitent.

1. **I** Bow before thee, righteous LORD,
With reverential awe,
And tremble at thy sacred word,
The thunder of thy law.
2. Thy arrows, O Almighty God,
Are deeply fixt within :
Oppress'd I sink beneath the load
Of my enormous sin.
3. I long to find the Sinner's Friend ;
Now, LORD, thine ear incline ;
And let thy healing grace extend
To this poor soul of mine.
4. Wilt thou, O Saviour, pass me by,
And shut thy mercies door ?
Reject a dying sinner's cry,
And hear his suit no more ?
5. No, thou art merciful and kind,
And wilt forgive my sin ;
Thine everlasting arms I find
Open to take me in.
6. Here let me then for refuge fly,
And enter into rest ;
In thy embraces live and die,
And be for ever blest.

H Y M N IV.

For a Believer.

1. **W**HEN sinking underneath my load,
O'erwhelm'd with sin and grief ;
In my distress I cry'd to God,
Who quickly sent relief.

- 2 He brought me from the horrid pit,
Out of the miry clay,
And set upon a rock my feet,
And pointed out my way.
- 3 My God I know is reconcil'd,
My sins are all forgiven!
I now am his adopted child,
With CHRIST, an heir of heaven!
- 4 Redeem'd by thee, thou sinner's friend,
I long to sing thy praise;
And in thy glorious service spend
The remnant of my days.
- 5 Assist me, LORD, to persevere,
'Till perfected in love:
Then let me with thy choirs appear,
To worship thee above.

H Y M N V.

On Universal Love.

- 1 JEHOVAH hath a ransom found,
My Saviour paid the price,
And grace doth more than sin abound,
Through JESU's sacrifice.
- 2 When lying in the open field,
Polluted in my blood,
His love inclin'd my heart to yield,
And follow after God.
- 3 Who need despair when such as I
A pardon could obtain?
And sinners of a scarlet dye
Eternal life may gain?
- 4 Not one of all the human race,
But may redemption find;
The Great Redeemer offers grace,
And life to all mankind.

Let

- 5 Let all obey the Saviour's call,
His benefits embrace;
Abas'd before his footstool fall,
And rise to see his face.

H Y M N VI.

The Believer's Triumph.

- 1 **L**ET all the saints on earth rejoice,
The remnant of their days;
Let every heart, and every voice,
The Great Jehovah praise.

- 2 Ye principalities on high,
Teach us your lofty strains,
Sung by the people of the sky,
Through the celestial plains.

- 3 We long to catch the holy flame,
That moves your choirs to sing,
Salvation to the Saviour's name,
Our Universal King.

- 4 Henceforth let every bosom glow
With the Redeemer's love,
And sing his praises here below,
To rival those above.

- 5 Let us be steadfast to the end,
And, when renew'd by grace,
We shall triumphantly ascend,
And see the Saviour's face.

- 6 There we shall join the heav'nly host,
The Triune God adore;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,
In concert evermore.

H Y M N VII.

Praise ye the Lord.

- 1 **Y**E Sons of God on earth proclaim
The wonders of his grace;
Adore the great Jehovah's name,
'Till ye behold his face.
- 2 Let all your lives his glory show,
And triumph in his love;
Dead to the world, let all men know
Your treasure is above.
- 3 Forgetting still the things behind,
With all your vigour press
Towards the mark, that ye may find
The Pearl of Holiness.
- 4 Redeem'd from all tormenting fear,
Jehovah's name adore;
With grateful thanks, and ceaseless pray'r,
Rejoicing evermore.
- 5 In ev'ry thing resign'd to God,
'Till he your souls release;
And, summon'd to your blest abode,
He bid you die in peace.
- 6 And when the final call is given
To lay this body down,
You shall receive of him in heaven
A never-fading crown.

H Y M N VIII.

A Glimpse of Heaven.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, and quit the dust,
This moment fly away!
And taste the pleasures of the Just,
Who dwell in endless day.

Forgive

- 2 Forgive me, O indulgent God !
If I ascend too high ;
I long to view the saint's abode,
The mansions of the sky.
- 3 O, let me from the mountain's height
Jerusalem behold !
And view the city with delight,
Adorn'd with precious gold !
- 4 Proceeding from thy throne, I see
The chrystal streams descend ;
For every blessing comes from thee,
Our everlasting friend.
- 5 Those living streams immortalize
The raptur'd hosts above ;
And all the trees of Paradise
Display the Saviour's love.
- 6 Those sacred trees with fruit abound,
Which never will decay ;
And here the saints, with glory crown'd,
Shall dwell in endless day.
- 7 O, when shall I put off this sute,
Mortality lay down ?
To feed on this celestial fruit,
And wear the starry crown ?

H Y M N IX.

Triumph over Death.

- 1 **T**HE great Jehovah hath decreed
That every man should die ;
And as the light'ning's rapid speed,
Our precious moments fly.
- 2 This mortal frame will soon decay,
And moulder into dust,
Lie buried in its native clay,
From pain and labour rest.

My

- 3 My spirit longs to take her flight,
And leave this dark abode;
To mingle with the saints in light,
Before the throne of GOD.
- 4 At thy command, O LORD, let death
These brittle walls break down;
And let me soon resign my breath
For an immortal crown.
- 5 I long for my celestial home,
To dwell in endless day;
O, let Elijah's chariot come
And take my soul away!
- 6 To join with the triumphant host,
Who round the throne adore;
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In concert evermore.

H Y M N X.

On the Last Judgment.

- 1 **A**TTEND the great Archangel's call,
Jehovah's trumpet hear;
And at the awful sound let all
The human race appear.
- 2 The principalities on high
Their sov'reign LORD attend,
With banners waving through the sky,
In solemn pomp descend.
- 3 The rocks are all in sunder torn,
The graves their dead resign;
The elements with fury burn,
Before the crimson sign.
- 4 The golden globe, that shone so bright,
In total darkness lies;
And all the glitt'ring stars of light
Are fallen from the skies.

Material.

- 5 Material things shall find no place
In this tremendous day ;
Before the Great Jehovah's face
They all are fled away.
- 6 The guilty at his bar shall stand,
And hear the Judge proclaim,
Ye must depart at my command
To everlasting pain.
- 7 But let the righteous at my word
Triumphantly arise
With me, your Everlasting LORD,
To banquet in the skies.

H Y M N XI.

Eternal Felicity.

- 1 **W**HEN quicken'd by the trumpet's voice
The saints forsake their tomb,
Behold their Saviour, and rejoice
To hear their final doom.
- 2 They shall triumphantly ascend,
And round the throne of God,
Adore their everlasting friend,
Who bought them with his blood.
- 3 There all are freed from death and pain,
Their tears are wip'd away ;
And on celestial thrones they reign,
In everlasting day.
- 4 Amidst the bright musician-bands
They hallelujahs sound ;
With palms of victory in their hands,
And all with glory crown'd.
- 5 There multitudes surround his throne,
And sing Jehovah reigns ;
In songs to mortals yet unknown,
And far above our strains.

- 6 O, let me with that heavenly choir,
 The sacred band above,
 Employ my consecrated lyre,
 And sing redeeming love.
- 7 There Father, Son, and Spirit, one
 Jehovah all adore;
 And in full chorus round his throne
 They praise him evermore.

H Y M N XII.

The Sinner convicted. (Short measure.)

- 1 **O** 'Erwhelm'd with guilty fears,
 My terrors still abound;
 While Sinai's thunders shock my ears,
 I tremble at the sound.
- 2 I will for mercy cry,
 'Till God bestows his peace;
 While in the toils of death I lie,
 I'll pray and never cease.
- 3 But will Jehovah hear,
 A sinner in his blood?
 How shall a guilty worm appear
 Before an Holy God?
- 4 I bow before his face,
 My sins confess with shame;
 And now approach the throne of grace,
 In my Redeemer's name.
- 5 In mercy, LORD! bestow
 Redemption in thy blood;
 And by thy spirit let me know
 That I am born of God.
- 6 Forgive and sanctify,
 And then my soul receive,
 With thee above the starry sky,
 Eternally to live.

H Y M N

H Y M N XIII.

The Prodigal in Distress.

- 1 **A** LAS! what have I done?
Departed from my God!
And yet I feel I cannot run
From his avenging rod!
- 2 In exquisite Distress,
My ruin I lament;
In rioting and wantonness,
My portion all is spent.
- 3 My folly I repine,
While perishing for need,
And not permitted with the swine,
On sordid husks to feed.
- 4 By sin reduc'd so low,
I can have no supply;
Unless I to my Father go,
I must for ever die.
- 5 Through grace I will arise,
And instantly return,
With lifted hands, and streaming eyes,
In dust and ashes mourn.
- 6 I will my sins confess,
Perhaps my Father may
Forgive me all my wickedness,
And take my sins away.
- 7 His mercy is above
The crimes that I have done;
He will bestow his pardoning love,
On his returning Son.

H Y M N XIV.

Another.

- 1 **I**'VE sinn'd before my God,
Against the light of heav'n,
And can a sinner in his blood
Expect to be forgiv'n.

B

With

- 2 With hunger here I pine,
Far from my Father's seat,
And not indulg'd among the swine
To taste the husks they eat.
- 3 My Father's tender care
His household doth supply ;
His servants have enough to spare,
While I with hunger die.
- 4 O gracious Father hear,
A dying sinner's call !
And let me with thy dogs appear
To share the crumbs that fall.
- 5 My dear Redeemer died,
To cancel all my sin ;
O, for his sake ! now open wide
Thy arms to take me in.
- 6 O let thy bowels move !
Thy saving grace impart ;
And shed abroad thy pard'ning love
In my distressed heart.

H Y M N XV.

The Prodigal returned

- 1 **W**HEN to myself I came,
Polluted in my blood,
I said, I will in Jesu's name
Repent and turn to God.
- 2 I will arise and go,
And bow before his face ;
And beg his goodness to bestow
The meanest Servant's place.
- 3 I then for mercy cried,
O'erwhelm'd with sin and grief,
My Father at a distance spied,
And ran to my relief.

He

- 4 He took the rebel in,
And plac'd me by his side;
He freely pardon'd all my sin,
And all my wants supply'd.
- 5 A robe at his command
Behold his servants bring;
Shoes for my feet, while on my hand
They put the royal ring.
- 6 The fatted calf is slain,
While harps and voices sound;
My son was dead, and lives again;
Was lost, but now is found.
- 7 My Father's house is blest
With ev'ry good we need;
Here let the weary pilgrims rest,
And at his table feed.
- 8 Obey the gospel call,
Return ye sinners home;
The royal banquet is for all,
Whoever will may come.

H Y M N XVI.

Israel oppressed.

- 1 **O**PPREST beneath our load,
The weight we cannot bear;
O let us cry, and Jacob's God
Will hear our humble prayer.
- 2 From the oppressor's hand,
O LORD! thy people free;
And let us gain at thy command,
Our perfect liberty.
- 3 O sprinkle ev'ry heart
With the atoning blood;
This token of thy love impart,
Thou everlasting God.

- 4 Then undisturb'd we shall
 Within our tents abide,
 While Egypt's first-born victims fall,
 Our Unbelief and Pride.
- 5 O Saviour come away !
 Attend our earnest cry,
 Conduct us through the crimson sea,
 And Pharaoh's hosts shall die.
- 6 Let all our foes be slain,
 Our enemies within
 Root out, and let not one remain,
 Destroy our bosom sin.

H Y M N XVII.

Israel delivered.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH from the land
 Of Egypt led the way ;
 We are by his almighty hand
 Conducted through the sea.
- 2 We now salvation sing,
 To the Redeemer's name ;
 And shout the triumphs of our King,
 Who Pharaoh's hosts o'ercame.
- 3 Lord, grant our hearts desire,
 Throughout the desert way,
 By night conduct us with a fire,
 And with a cloud by day.
- 4 Let all be satisfied
 With manna from above ;
 O let thy holy spirit guide
 And perfect us in love.
- 5 Lead us to Pisgah's top,
 The Holy Land to see ;
 And let us all abound in hope
 Of immortality.

Then

- 6 Then let our Joshua come,
And Jordan's streams divide;
And bring the seed of Jacob home,
In Canaan to reside.
- 7 'Tis there the weary rest,
From all their labours free;
In Paradise with Angel's blest,
Through all eternity.

H Y M N XVIII.

The Spirit's Office.

- 1 **C**ONvince me, LORD, of sin,
Thy holy spirit send;
And now the work in grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.
- 2 I will for mercy plead
'Till thou thy love impart;
O let thy spirit intercede
With groanings in my heart.
- 3 Thy saving grace bestow
Redemption in thy blood;
And by thy spirit let me know
That I am born of God.
- 4 To be my constant guide
Thy gracious spirit send;
For ever in my heart abide,
And keep me to the end.
- 5 O cleanse from every sin
By sanctifying grace;
And make me glorious all within,
That I may see thy face.

H Y M N XIX.

On the Nativity.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH left the skies,
Assum'd our flesh and blood,
And humbly in a manger lies,
The everlasting God!

B 3

Behold!

- 2 Behold his grand design !
A union to restore ;
Two natures, human and divine,
Are one for evermore.
- 3 Hail Universal King !
A peace on earth we find ;
Let all attend while angels sing
Glad tidings to mankind.
- 4 The Second Adam came
To offer rebels grace,
Proclaim salvation in his name.
To all the fallen race.
- 5 Let every tuneful voice
The great Redeemer bless ;
And all the sons of men rejoice
Throughout the universe.
- 6 The world and sin forsake,
'Till he your soul remove ;
And bid you all in triumph take
The crown of life above.

H Y M N XX.

A Universal Call.

- 1 **T**O sing the gospel song,
And speak the Saviour's praise,
Shall be the labour of my tongue,
The remnant of my days.
- 2 Attend the joyful sound,
Glad tidings from the skies,
For grace doth more than sin abound
Through Jesu's sacrifice.
- 3 He shed his precious blood
The guilty to redeem,
And bring our ransom'd souls to God
That we may live with him.

Not.

- 4 Not one of Adam's race
But may redemption find :
The great Redeemer offers grace
And life to all mankind.
- 5 O listen to his call !
Immediately come in ;
The royal banquet is for all
Who will renounce their sin.
- 6 Ye prodigals obey
The summons of your God :
Arise ! repent and wash away
Your sins in Jesu's blood.

H Y M N XXI.

Advice to the Watchmen.

[Four Lines all Eights.]

- 1 **L**ET all the slumb'ring watchmen know:
The declaration of their God ;
They must the warning trumpet blow,
Or answer for the sinner's blood.
- 2 Approach the throne of grace in prayer,
Between the porch and altar weep,
And cry, O LORD ! in mercy spare
A guilty land, and save thy sheep.
- 3 The signal give throughout the land,
Declare the great Jehovah's word,
And make the people understand
They are in danger of the sword.
- 4 But if the sinner should refuse
To listen to the trumpet's sound,
And offer'd mercy still abuse,
His condemnation will abound.
- 5 Then let him know his punishment
Shall be inflicted for his sin ;
To answer for his time mispent
The burning pit shall take him in.

Bound.

- 6 Bound with an adamantine chain,
Nor gratify'd in one desire,
He must in punishment remain,
And dwell with everlasting fire.
- 7 But if the warning he receive,
And turn to God without delay,
A life of grace he here shall live,
And dwell above in endless day.

H Y M N XXII.

A Call to Backsliders.

P A R T I.

- 1 **B**acksliding children now return,
Obey your Father's gracious word,
In dust and ashes deeply mourn
Before your much-offended LORD.
- 2 Your aggravated crimes bewail,
Forsake your sins, and turn to God,
Who will backsliding sinners heal,
Through faith in the Redeemer's blood.
- 3 This moment hear and come away,
No longer in your sins remain;
The gracious gospel call obey,
And pardon from your Lord obtain.

P A R T II.

- 4 **BEHOLD** we come with guilty shame,
And humbly bow before thy face;
And in the great Redeemer's name
With tears approach the throne of grace.
- 5 In tender mercy, LORD, forgive!
Backsliders to thy love restore,
And let us to thy glory live,
To love and praise thee evermore.
- 6 O let us here thine image gain,
And all to full perfection rise;
And then in endless triumph reign
With all the saints in Paradise.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXIII.

Weary of the World.

- 1 **T**OO long (alas) I sought below,
For happiness I could not find;
The World itself cannot bestow,
A Portion equal to my mind.
- 2 I feel an aching void within,
And cannot find a moment's rest;
Tormented with the guilt of sin,
A pain too great to be express'd,
- 3 I will at last my sins forsake,
And all my carnal pleasures leave;
And God my only refuge make,
Whose Love alone can comfort give.
- 4 A guilty worm I cry to thee,
I faint beneath my heavy load;
O, let thy mercy set me free,
Through faith in the atoning blood.
- 5 My evil tempers all subdue,
And reign alone within my breast;
My soul in righteousness renew,
And let me gain thy peoples rest.
- 6 O Lord, my feeble prayer attend,
The best of all thy gifts impart,
And let thy love (thou sinner's friend)
Take full possession of my heart.

H Y M N XXIV.

A Call to serve God.

P A R T I.

- 1 **A**TTEND your Father's gracious call,
His loving invitation hear;
He offers grace and life to all,
The vilest sinner may draw near.

2. Your

- 2 Your great Redeemer paid the price
Of your redemption with his blood :
Now from the death of sin arise,
And serve the everlasting God.
- 3 O ! be intreated for his sake,
And now renounce your every sin ;
So shall his arms of mercy take
Each heavy laden sinner in.

P A R T II.

- 4 THY invitation we embrace,
And glory to thy name we give,
And are determin'd, by thy grace,
To be thy servants while we live.
- 5 Direct us by thy holy word,
And let thy spirit be our guide ;
Let all our household serve the LORD,
'Till each is fully sanctify'd.
- 6 And when our pilgrimage shall end,
And we are summon'd to remove,
In triumph let us all ascend,
To serve thee with thy hosts above.

H Y M N XXV.

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.

- 1 **T**HE Messenger whom God hath sent
To execute his just command,
Cries, Every sinner should repent ;
Behold ! the kingdom is at hand.
- 2 O hear the great Redeemer speak,
And now obey his gracious word ;
Let every careless sinner seek
And find the kingdom of his LORD.

3 O Lord !

- 3 O, LORD! thy kingdom now impart,
 Let righteousness, and peace, and joy,
 Be shed abroad in every heart,
 And all our enemies destroy.
- 4 Now let the leaven hid within
 Diffuse itself throughout the whole,
 To counter-act the work of sin,
 And wholly sanctify the soul.
- 5 Let every nation own thy sway,
 Extend thy grace from shore to shore;
 Let all the human race obey
 Thee, King of Kings, for evermore.
- 6 Then let us hear the trumpet's voice,
 And all with shouts triumphant rise,
 To meet thee, Saviour, and rejoice
 To take our mansions in the skies.

H Y M N XXVI.

PSALM ciii. *Bless the Lord, O my Soul.*

- 1 **O** Let my soul for ever bless
 The LORD, who hath my sins forgiv'n,
 And all his benefits express
 With gratitude, like those in heav'n.
- 2 I render thanks to thee, my God,
 Who hast in mercy to my soul
 Apply'd the all-atoning blood,
 To make my wounded spirit whole.
- 3 And from destruction to redeem
 My life, the Prince of Glory dy'd;
 That I in Paradise with him
 May reign triumphant by his side.
- 4 His tender mercies still abound
 To me, the vilest of the race;
 He hath with loving kindness crown'd,
 And blest me with his saving grace.

5 He

- 5 He hath a royal table spread
 With rich provision for his bride;
 My soul is at his banquet fed,
 And with his bounty satisfy'd.
- 6 With eagles wings I mount on high,
 The wings of faith, and love, and prayer;
 My treasure is above the sky,
 My Saviour and my Heart are there.

H Y M N XXVII.

For the Morning.

- 1 **P**rotected by thy gracious care,
 Through silent watches of the night,
 I now approach thy throne in prayer,
 And praise thee for the morning light.
- 2 With gratitude again I view
 The progress of the rising sun;
 In tender mercy, LORD, renew
 My strength, the Christian race to run.
- 3 As yonder sun adorns the skies,
 Whose rays with glorious lustre shine;
 Thou Sun of Righteousness arise,
 And fill my soul with light divine,
- 4 Thy smiling face I then shall see,
 And on thy faithfulness depend,
 For grace to serve and follow thee,
 In faith and patience to the end.
- 5 Thy sanctifying grace impart,
 Thine image to my soul restore,
 And wholly purify my heart
 To love and praise thee evermore.
- 6 And when my pilgrimage shall end,
 And death shall summons me away,
 Triumphant let my soul ascend,
 To dwell with thee in endless day.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXVIII.

He became poor.

- 1 **T**HE greatness of redeeming love
A finite being ne'er can tell;
The LORD descended from above
To rescue man from death and hell.
- 2 He from eternal glory came,
Assuming poverty and pain,
That fallen sinners, thro' his name,
Might rise again and pardon gain.
- 3 He suffer'd death upon the tree,
And bought us with his precious blood,
To set the dying captives free
From sin, to serve the living God.
- 4 His tender mercies never fail,
Our sickness Jesus did endure;
His stripes our wounded souls shall heal,
His death performs our perfect cure.
- 5 This Great Physician will restore
To perfect soundness by his grace;
O let us all his name adore,
'Till met to see his glorious face.
- 6 Then by his poverty we shall
To everlasting glory rise;
And praise the Triune God with all
His choristers in Paradise.

H Y M N XXIX.

Another.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour took a servant's place;
Behold the Infinite is poor!
That by the riches of his grace
He might our fallen souls restore.

- 2 The riches of thy grace bestow,
The purchase of thy precious blood,
And by thy spirit let us know
We all are reconcil'd to God.
- 3 O, gracious Saviour, make us free,
From all iniquity release;
Set every soul at liberty,
And fill with everlasting peace.
- 4 The heav'nly treasure let us find,
The fullness of thy love impart,
That we may gain thy spotless mind,
And serve thee with a perfect heart.
- 5 Then all in righteousness renew'd,
Translate us to the realms above,
To join the happy multitude,
Who celebrate thy dying love.
- 6 There saints and angels, fill'd with joy,
Triumphantly together sing;
And all eternity employ
In praising thee, their God and King.

H Y M N XXX.

Pride goeth before Destruction.

- 1 **O** Let me with a humble heart
In prayer approach the throne of God;
Let pride and anger all depart,
Through faith in the Redeemer's blood.
- 2 'Twas pride that cast the angels down,
'Twas pride, alas! by which they fell,
Beneath the great Jehovah's frown,
In everlasting chains to dwell.
- 3 'Twas pride the happy pair expell'd
From ease and rest to pain and toil;
'Twas this, by which they were compell'd
To labour in a barren soil.

'Tis

- 4 'Tis pride, the deadly sin of pride,
Which loudly for destruction calls;
By this (as God hath testified)
The guilty soul for ever falls.
- 5 Then let me to my Saviour turn,
And in his blood redemption find;
And from his bright example learn
Both meek and lowliness of mind.
- 6 Yea, Lord, with every grace endue,
Thy perfect image let me gain;
In spotless holiness renew,
Then take me with thyself to reign.

H Y M N XXXI.

Gifts are vain without Love.

- 1 **S**UPPOSE in gifts I do excell?
And speak as angels do above;
If strange events I could foretell,
'Tis vain without my Saviour's love.
- 2 If secret depths I understood,
And could the highest wisdom gain,
Before the everlasting God
My knowledge without love is vain.
- 3 If I a miracle could show,
By faith the largest mountains move;
This in the sight of God, I know,
Will not avail—without his love.
- 4 If all my goods to feed the poor,
And body to be burnt, be giv'n,
It never can my soul restore
To life, or make me meet for heav'n.
- 5 Love only can my foes subdue,
And all the carnal mind destroy,
My soul in righteousness renew,
And fill with everlasting joy.

- 6 Come, Saviour, now thy love impart,
 Thy glorious image let me gain ;
 Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
 And there for ever live and reign !

H Y M N XXXII.

Blessed are the poor in Spirit.

[Six Lines, all Eights.]

- 1 **A**LL glory be to God on high,
 For every blessing we receive ;
 The great Redeemer left the sky,
 That we in Paradise might live :
 He bought us with his precious blood,
 To bring our wand'ring souls to God.
- 2 The characters are here exprest
 By Jesus, our redeeming Lord ;
 He tells us who are truly blest,
 According to his holy word :
 The poor in spirit here shall find
 A treasure to enrich his mind.
- 3 The Saviour will a kingdom give,
 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart ;
 And by his holy spirit live,
 And reign in ev'ry contrite heart ;
 'Till each in his bright image shine
 A living sacrifice divine.
- 4 Then, fully sanctified by grace,
 We shall triumphantly remove
 To see the dear Redeemer's face,
 And in his kingdom reign above :
 Where saints and angels all adore
 The Triune God for evermore.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXIII.

Blessed are they that mourn.

1. **T**HE humble contrite souls who mourn,
And groan beneath their heavy load,
Who from their evil ways return,
And call upon our gracious God :
The Saviour hath pronounc'd them blest,
And bids them enter into rest.
2. Sweet consolation they shall find,
The holy spirit shall descend,
With comfort to the wounded mind,
And bring the peace which ne'er shall end :
To life, through death, they all shall rise,
And take their mansions in the skies.

H Y M N XXXIV.

Blessed are the Meek.

1. **O** Sinners, to the Saviour turn,
Let pride and anger all depart ;
And of the dear Redeemer learn
Both meek and lowliness of heart :
He only can contentment give,
And make you happy while you live.
2. The meek and lowly shall enjoy
All earthly blessings from their God ;
And all their talents here employ
For him, who bought them with his blood ;
Who will his holy spirit give
To make them happy while they live.
3. And when they leave this wilderness,
They shall with joy and triumph rise ;
Their glorious heritage possess,
With all the saints in Paradise :
Where crystal streams of pleasure flow,
And fruits immortal ever grow.

H Y M N XXXV.

Blessed are they which do hunger, &c.

- 1 **T**HE proud, ambitious man aspires
For honours that proceed from men;
The libertine his base desires
Strives hard to gratify in vain;
For gold the greedy miser pants,
And thousands gains t'encrease his wants.
- 2 Suppose they could the Indies gain,
And all mankind with one consent
Should honour them, they would remain
For ever strangers to content:
For earthly good can never grant
The happiness their spirits want.
- 3 God only can this gift bestow,
To satisfy the human mind;
And all who thirst for him shall know
His grace, and full salvation find:
He will his hungry children bless,
And fill them with his righteousness.
- 4 With joy they shall anticipate
The happiness of those above;
And in their songs of praise relate
Their dear Redeemer's dying love:
Who fully paid their ransom down,
And will his faithful servants crown.

H Y M N XXXVI.

Blessed are the Merciful.

- 1 **T**HE wretched misers who neglect
The widow and the fatherless,
Oppress the stranger, and reject
The poor and needy in distress:

Shall

Shall judgment without mercy gain,
And dwell with everlasting pain.

- 2 But those who listen to the cry,
And with delight relieve the poor,
The starving widow's wants supply,
And feed the orphans at their door;
A hundred-fold they here shall gain,
And mercy from the Lord obtain.
- 3 They run with joy the christian race,
'Till all in perfect love renew'd,
Then through the dear Redeemer's grace,
Triumphant join the multitude;
Who round the throne transported sing,
The mercies of their God and King.

H Y M N XXXVII.

Blessed are the pure in Heart.

- 1 **O**UR hearts by nature are unclean,
And full of enmity to God;
Yet through his grace we may obtain
Redemption in the Saviour's blood,
Who suffer'd death upon the tree,
To set our captive spirits free.
- 2 O come, Redeemer! now impart
A portion of thy dying love;
And take away this stoney heart,
And every idol hence remove:
O cleanse us now from every sin,
And make us glorious all within.
- 3 The pure in heart are truly blest,
Jehovah in his works they see;
And leaning on their Saviour's breast,
Behold the glorious mystery:
Through faith in the Redeemer's blood,
They see a reconciled God.

And

- 4 And when their pilgrimage shall end,
 And all are sanctified by grace,
 They shall triumphantly ascend
 To see their Saviour face to face :
 And sing with all the choirs above..
 The greatness of redeeming love..

H Y M N XXXVIII..

Blessed are the Peace-Makers.

- 1 **A**LL glory be to God on high,
 That peace on earth again we find ;
 The great Redeemer left the sky,
 And tasted death for all mankind :
 He bought us with his precious blood,
 To reconcile us all to God.
- 2 Whoe'er believe are justified,
 And now enjoy a peace within ;
 Their dear Redeemer hath applied
 His blood to wash away their sin ;
 And will his farther grace impart,
 And reign in every humble heart..
- 3 If possible these will maintain
 A peace with all the human race ;
 And strive to reconcile again,
 Who live in strife for want of grace,
 Whose stubborn hearts will not submit
 To bow at the Redeemer's feet.
- 4 But let the sons of God unite,
 And all in charity be found ;
 Still walking in the gospel-light,
 Let peace and harmony abound,
 'Till all triumphantly ascend
 Where discord shall for ever end.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXIX.

Blessed are they which are persecuted.

- 1 **T**HE suff'ring saints are truly blest,
 Who suffer for their Master's sake;
 They now enjoy an inward rest,
 And God their only refuge make:
 Partakers of their Saviour's love,
 Their lives are hid with him above.
- 2 The Prophets felt these storms before,
 Who suffer'd death in ancient days;
 Then landed on the happy shore,
 To sing the great Redeemer's praise:
 Where all in peace and joy abound,
 With everlasting glory crown'd.
- 3 O, LORD, preserve us to the end!
 And then (in perfect love renew'd)
 We shall triumphantly ascend
 To join the happy multitude;
 Who out of tribulation came,
 Thro' faith in their Redeemer's name.

H Y M N XL.

The Mourner's Request.

- 1 **O**LORD! relieve my wounded mind,
 Receive a weary pilgrim in;
 Thy mercy let a sinner find,
 And save me from the guilt of sin:
 I sink beneath the mighty load,
 But cast myself on thee, my God.
- 2 Too long, alas! I fought below
 To gratify my large desires;
 But find the world cannot bestow
 The portion which my soul requires:
 Convinc'd at last, O God! I see
 My happiness is all in thee.

O come,

- 3 O come, Redeemer, and reveal
Thyself, and take me to thy breast ;
O, now my wounded spirit heal,
And let me in thy bosom rest :
'Tis here I would for refuge fly,
In this asylum live and die.
- 4 And when I render up my breath,
Support me by thy mighty hand,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And bring me to the Promis'd Land,
Where bright celestial choirs adore
Thy holy name for evermore.

H Y M N XLI.

As Moses lifted up the Serpent, &c.

- 1 **B**Y serpents stung, in sore distress
Old Jacob's sons for pardon came
To Moses in the wilderness,
Who pray'd in our Redeemer's name ;
His fervent prayer with God prevail'd,
And Jacob's sons by faith were heal'd.
- 2 The crooked serpent hath infus'd
His deadly poison through our mind ;
Adam in Paradise abus'd
His liberty, and all mankind
Hath suffer'd by his grievous fall ;
He eat the fruit that poison'd all.
- 3 But, lo! the Second Adam came
The sick and guilty to redeem ;
We preach salvation in his name ;
Now let the wounded look to him,
And health and liberty obtain,
What Adam lost in Jesus gain.
- 4 Yea, more than Adam lost we find
In CHRIST, our all-atoning God ;
The great Redeemer of mankind
Hath bought us with his precious blood,
And

And will our fallen souls restore
To live, and praise him evermore.

H Y M N XLII.

Israel's Deliverance out of Egypt.

- 1 **W**HEN groaning underneath my load,
I strove in vain myself to free;
In deep distress I cry'd to God,
Who set my soul at liberty:
He freed my neck from Pharaoh's yoke,
And all my bonds in sunder broke.
- 2 Directed by his holy word,
By which he call'd me to obey,
To follow my redeeming Lord,
Who brought me through the crimson sea,
And safely set me on the shore,
His loving kindness to adore.
- 3 Now marching to the Promis'd Land,
O let my great Redeemer bless
My soul! and by his mighty hand,
Conduct me through this wilderness;
And still support me by his grace,
To run with joy the Christian race.
- 4 I long mine Eden to regain,
Thy great salvation let me see;
And now the Promis'd Land obtain,
A land of perfect liberty:
Where peace and harmony are found,
And fruits of righteousness abound.
- 5 The best of all thy gifts bestow,
A portion of thy perfect love;
And let me worship thee below,
As saints and angels do above;
Who fill'd with rapture all adore
Thy holy name for evermore.

H Y M N

H Y M N XLIII.

Taken out of the Forty-fifth Psalm.

- 1 **O** Love Divine! my heart inspire
 With matter worthy of the King;
 And touch my tongue with hallow'd fire
 The great Redeemer's love to sing;
 That all who hear his glorious fame,
 May praise his everlasting name!
- 2 He is the fairest of our race,
 The King of Kings for ever blest;
 His hallow'd lips are fill'd with grace,
 To grant the mourners their request,
 He will from Satan's yoke release,
 And fill the humble soul with peace.
- 3 His sword is girt upon his thigh,
 By which his enemies shall fall;
 He rides in glorious majesty,
 A mighty Prince who conquers all:
 He will his sov'reign sway maintain,
 And over all for ever reign.
- 4 His steadfast throne is fixt above,
 Which shall eternally endure;
 And there the objects of his love
 Shall in his kingdom dwell secure;
 And join in concert to adore
 His holy name for evermore.
- 5 Then hearken, daughter, to his word,
 He makes his earnest suit to thee,
 Submit this moment to thy LORD,
 Who will from Satan set thee free,
 From all iniquity release,
 And fill thee with his perfect peace.
- 6 This object of thy faith behold,
 'Till freed from every bosom sin;
 And when thy robes are wrought with gold,
 And thou art glorious all within,
 Then shall the King delight to find
 In thee his meek and lowly mind.

7 Then

- 7 Then let the chaste and holy bride
 Be subject to her bosom friend;
 And in his gracious arms abide,
 A faithful lover to the end :
 And with her Lord triumphant rise,
 To worship him in paradise.

H Y M N XLIV.

The sacred Order of Heaven.

- 1 **O** Let it be my chief delight
 To imitate the hosts above,
 Whom John beheld array'd in white,
 The objects of redeeming love ;
 Who round the throne in order stood,
 To praise the everlasting God.
- 2 Their happiness shall never end,
 The living fountains will supply
 Eternal joy, and God, their friend,
 Shall wipe the tears from every eye ;
 And with his Saints for ever dwell,
 In glorious bliss unspeakable.
- 3 Beloved John their order view'd ;
 The Living Creatures next the Throne ;
 The Elders next, a multitude,
 Whose sacred number is unknown :
 And angels hallelujahs sound,
 Who all the multitude surround.
- 4 The whole celestial choir agree,
 To magnify their Mighty King ;
 In sounds of sacred melody,
 No discord here, nor jarring string,
 But all in harmony adore,
 The Triune God for evermore.

H Y M N XLV.

The heavy-laden Sinner.[To the tune of—*The Shepherd.*]

- 1 **T**HE guilt that doth burden my mind,
Is more than my tongue can express;
O where shall a fugitive find
Relief for his soul in distress?
I smart from the arrows of God,
Exhausting my spirits within,
And sink overwhelm'd with my load,
Opprest with the burden of sin.
- 2 The universe cannot supply
The want I continually know,
My spirit will languish and die
Unless the Redeemer bestow
A sense of his pardoning grace,
And peace to my conscience restore,
To walk in the light of his face,
And always his mercy adore.
- 3 O gracious Redeemer appear,
My sorrowful soul to release,
The prayer of a penitent hear,
And grant me thy pardon and peace;
Thou only my guilt canst remove,
And peace to my conscience impart,
By shedding a sense of thy love
Abroad in my sorrowful heart.
- 4 I trust in thy mercy, O Lord!
Thou wilt to my spirit reveal
A sense of thy pardoning word,
And all my infirmities heal:
Thy image I here shall obtain,
And, when I am call'd to remove,
In endless felicity reign,
With thee, my Redeemer, above.

H Y M N

H Y M N XLVI.

The Lost Sheep returning.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep that have wander'd astray,
 We here in the wilderness mourn,
 And long to recover the way,
 That all may in safety return;
 We want a true spiritual guide,
 To lead us again to the Rock;
 And there we will always abide,
 And feed with Emmanuel's flock.
- 2 O let us with diligent care!
 Return to the heavenly fold,
 The Sheep are all happy who there,
 The face of their Shepherd behold;
 They hear and attend on his voice,
 And gladly his precepts fulfill,
 For ever and ever rejoice,
 To do his acceptable will.
- 3 The LORD is their Shepherd and guide,
 And therefore they never shall want;
 To all who remain by his side,
 He life and salvation will grant;
 And when they have finish'd their race,
 They all to their mansions shall fly,
 To see his adorable face,
 And banquet with him in the sky.

H Y M N XLVII.

The Backslider's Prayer.

- 1 **O** When will Emmanuel come!
 We long for our heavenly guide,
 To carry his wanderers home,
 And place us again by his side;
 O Saviour no longer delay!
 Attend to our sorrowful cry,
 In mercy conduct us away,
 Lest here in the desert we die.
- D 2
- 2 O come,

- 2 O come, thou Redeemer of men;
 Our souls to thy favour restore,
 And let the backsliders again
 Thy infinite mercy adore;
 O speak to each sorrowful heart!
 Thy peace to the mourners reveal,
 This moment a pardon impart,
 And all our infirmities heal.
- 3 O let us thine image regain,
 And kept from the enemy's snare,
 For ever and ever remain,
 The objects of infinite care;
 From all that would harm us, defend,
 Our bodies and souls we resign,
 And still on thy mercy depend;
 O seal us eternally thine!

H Y M N XLVIII.

An Invitation to Sinners.

- 1 **A**TTEND on the heavenly call,
 Ye sinners no longer delay,
 The Gospel is publish'd to all,
 And pardon to them that obey;
 Jehovah his servants hath sent,
 A kind invitation to give,
 Poor sinners are call'd to repent,
 To turn to their Saviour and live.
- 2 We call in Emmanuel's name,
 Whose oxen and fatlings are kill'd,
 And all may partake of the same,
 His tables with plenty are fill'd;
 Supply'd by an infinite hand,
 You ne'er can diminish the store;
 Come in at the royal command,
 And infinite mercy adore.
- 3 This moment your folly forsake,
 And glorious felicity prove,
 The Saviour is ready to take
 You into the arms of his love;

O yield

O yield to his heavenly charms !
 And fly to his loving embrace,
 And rest in his merciful arms,
 And view his adorable face.

H Y M N XLIX.

Glad Tidings.

- 1 **W**HEN first the angelical call
 Saluted my listening ear,
 A ransom is offer'd for all,
 The gospel salvation is near ;
 My spirit was charm'd with the sound,
 I felt the adorable word,
 And pardoning mercy I found,
 In Jesus my reconcil'd Lord.
- 2 O let me for ever adore,
 The infinite mercy of God,
 Who offer'd his Son to restore,
 My life with the price of his blood :
 And call'd by his spirit of grace,
 My soul out of bondage and pain,
 To walk in the light of his face,
 And endless felicity gain.
- 3 And now by his spirit I know
 Emmanuel's pardoning love,
 My peaceable bosom shall glow,
 With raptures like seraphs above ;
 The pleasure of angels I feel,
 Whose happiness is to record,
 And do the acceptable will
 Of Jesus my Saviour and Lord.
- 4 Inclos'd in his loving embrace,
 My spirit is all in a flame,
 And trust, by his infinite grace,
 To praise his adorable name ;
 While here he continues my breath,
 I'll sing of his mercy and love,
 'Till call'd by the messenger Death,
 To praise him for ever above.

H Y M N

H Y M N L.

Rejoicing in Christ.

- 1 **O** Lord, thy compassions abound !
 I cry'd in my trouble, Forgive ;
 Then pardon and mercy I found ;
 O, Saviour, assist me to live,
 The life of a Christian below,
 Displaying the glory of God,
 That all my deportment may show,
 The virtue of Jesus's blood.
- 2 The Universe cannot afford,
 The pleasure which now I have found,
 In thee, my Redeemer and Lord,
 O let it for ever abound !
 While here in the desert I stay,
 My soul with thy manna supply,
 Till angels conduct me away,
 To banquet above in the sky.
- 3 'Tis there I shall always enjoy,
 The fullness of covenant-love ;
 Where angels their trumpets employ,
 To praise my Redeemer above ;
 I'll join the angelical choir,
 In praising my Infinite Friend,
 Whose love shall my bosom inspire,
 With raptures that never shall end.

H Y M N L I.

An Offer of Grace.

[Four Lines, 4. 4. 4. 4.]

- 1 **Y**E Sinners attend, no longer despise,
 Your Infinite Friend, who bids you arise ;
 Break off your transgression, and come to your God,
 And take your possession thro' faith in his blood.
- 2 This moment return, no longer delay ;
 True penitents mourn, your Saviour obey ;
 Your folly lamenting, resolve to submit ;
 And, truly repenting, fall low at his feet.
- 3 O freely.

- 3 O freely embrace the heavenly call !
His mercy and grace, he offers to all ;
The heavenly treasure you here may receive,
And share in the pleasure, of all that believe.
- 4 The mourners who seek, shall certainly find,
The lowly, the meek, the peaceable mind ;
Restor'd to his favour, you all shall unite
To follow the Saviour, in whom ye delight.
- 5 You all shall receive the pardon of sin,
By faith you shall live, enjoying within
The present salvation, which he doth impart,
And sweet consolation, rejoicing your heart.
- 6 Made perfect in love, and holy below,
The Saviour above, will freely bestow,
That infinite blessing, of seeing his face ;
In glory possessing, the fullness of grace.

H Y M N LII.

The Suppliant's Cry.

- 1 **I** Come at thy call, thee, Saviour, to meet,
And burden'd I fall, with tears at thy feet ;
In sorrow lamenting, my folly at last,
And truly repenting for sins that are past.
- 2 My sorrowful mind, is greatly distressed,
I languish to find, that permanent rest,
The gift of my Saviour through faith in his blood,
The peace, and the favour, and image of God.
- 3 Redeemer attend, thy suppliant's cry,
And now condescend, my wants to supply ;
Fulfill my desire, thy spirit impart,
And kindle the fire of love in my heart.
- 4 When blest from above, thy spirit I know,
And fill'd with his love, my bosom shall glow ;
With raptures ne'er ceasing, my songs shall ascend,
Rejoicing and blessing, my Infinite Friend.
- 5 And when I forsake this body of clay,
Come, Saviour, and take my spirit away,
To join in the choir, of angels above,
And there to admire, thy infinite love.

H Y M N

H Y M N LIII.

*Heaven and Earth are fled away.**[To the Tune—Lo, he comes !]*

- 1 **L**ISTEN to the awful story!
 See the great white Throne appear!
 View the Saviour in his glory!
 On a cloud advancing near!
 Give attention!
 Now the Great Archangel hear!
- 2 See the flaming hosts descending;
 Banners waving through the skies;
 All Jehovah's will attending;
 Heav'n and earth before him flies!
 While the trumpet,
 Calls aloud, Ye dead arise.
- 3 Now behold the rocks are renting!
 All the graves are open'd wide;
 Kings and Conquerors lamenting,
 How they liv'd in pomp and pride:
 Rocks and mountains,
 All refuse their guilt to hide.
- 4 See the human race appearing,
 Every one both small and great,
 Saints rejoicing, sinners fearing,
 Stand before the judgment-seat,
 Till the sentence,
 Makes their bliss, or woe compleat.
- 5 See the guilty sinners driven,
 Full of anguish, pain and dread,
 Parted from the heirs of heaven,
 With a curse upon their head:
 All lamenting,
 Now to endless torments fled.
- 6 But the Sons of God inherit
 Glorious mansions in the sky,
 Fill'd with all the holy spirit,
 Holy, Holy, Holy, cry:
 Hallelujah,
 Glory be to God Most High!

H Y M N

H Y M N LIV.

The Celestial Triumph.

- 1 **S**AINTS attend, the Glorious Saviour,
 Call'd in triumph to arise :
 In his everlasting favour,
 To your mansions in the skies;
 There to banquet,
 On the fruits of paradise.
- 2 There the angels all adore him,
 There they hallelujahs sing;
 There the Elders fall before him,
 And with joy their tribute bring;
 All confess him,
 Everlasting God and King.
- 3 Next the throne in endless glory
 Thou hast fixt, O Lord Most High!
 Living Creatures who adore thee,
 Sounding praise through all the sky:
 There they ever,
 Holy, Holy, Holy! cry.
- 4 All the bright celestial choir
 Chant Jehovah's praise above;
 Glowing with seraphic fire,
 While their radiant circles move;
 All in triumph,
 Round the throne of endless love.
- 5 Saints and angels praise the Father;
 Equally adore the Son;
 Shout aloud the Common Saviour
 With the Holy Spirit one:
 Praise for ever,
 Him who sitteth on the throne!
- 6 There celestial harps are sounding,
 On the everlasting shore;
 Swelling notes, and joys abounding,
 All the Triune God adore!
 Hallelujah,
 Praise him! Praise him! evermore.

H Y M N

H Y M N LV.

The Sinner wounded.

[Four Lines, all Sevens.]

- 1 **I** Have wander'd from my God,
Now in bitterness I mourn ;
Wounded by my Father's rod,
Help me, Saviour, to return.
- 2 Holy LORD to thee I cry,
From the World's deceitful charms,
Let my soul for refuge fly,
To thine everlasting arms.
- 3 Thou art merciful and kind,
Gracious Father take me in ;
Heavy laden let me find,
Pardon from the guilt of sin.
- 4 Give my wounded conscience ease,
Now the weary captive free,
From this bondage, LORD, release,
Set my soul at liberty.
- 5 Blessed Comforter impart
Faith in the Redeemer's blood ;
Bear thy witness with my heart
That I now am born of God.
- 6 Save me from my bosom sin,
Let me full salvation find ;
Peace and holiness within,
Transcript of thy spotless mind.
- 7 Then the remnant of my days
Let me dwell in thine abode ;
With thy happy servants praise,
Thee, the everlasting God.

H Y M N LVI.

The Sinner in Distress.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR hear me in distress,
Crush'd beneath the load of sin ;
Now my wounded spirit blest,
Let thy mercy take me in.

- 2 I alone on thee depend,
Now thy gracious ear incline ;
Comfort to a mourner send ;
Save this helpless soul of mine.
- 3 Pardon to a sinner give,
Justifying faith impart ;
Then within thy temple live,
Sole disposer of my heart.
- 4 Let the remnant of my days,
While I draw my vital breath,
All be spent in prayer and praise,
Till through grace I vanquish death.
- 5 Then my ransom'd soul convey,
Safe into the holy place ;
There to dwell in endless day,
To behold thy glorious face.
- 6 Lost in wonder at the sight,
There I shall thy name adore ;
Join with all thy saints in light,
Thee to praise for evermore.

H Y M N LVII.

Desiring Communion with God.

- 1 **S**aviour help me to believe,
All the fruit of faith impart,
Let me now thy grace receive,
Take away the stony heart.
- 2 Fill my soul with holy love,
Let my little cup run o'er ;
All thy grace and mercy prove,
Lift me up to fall no more.
- 3 Fix on thee my constant mind,
Fully set my spirit free,
Ev'ry moment let me find
Sweet communion, LORD, with thee.
- 4 Every evil thought subdue,
Cleanse me by thy precious blood,
O create

- O create my soul anew !
 In the image of my God.
- 5 Fill my breast with holy zeal,
 Flowing from the source of love,
 Let me do thy righteous will,
 As the angels do above.
- 6 Let my raptur'd bosom glow,
 Flaming with seraphic fire;
 Let me all thy goodness know,
 Thee, and only thee, desire.
- 7 Then triumphant let me fly
 To my everlasting rest,
 Take my mansion in the sky,
 With the saints in glory blest.

H Y M N LVIII.

On Christian Experience. In Two Parts.

P A R T I.

[To the Tune of—*God of Abraham.*]

- 1 **O** What is mortal man ?
 How swift his moments fly !
 His days contracted to a span,
 He soon must die :
 But when the awful call
 Alarms the list'ning ear,
 Arise and meet thy God !—How shall
 He then appear !
- 2 Who can resolve this doubt,
 Which oft torments my breast ?
 Shall I in darkness be shut out,
 Or enter rest ?
 In everlasting light
 With holy angels dwell ?
 Or in the gloomy shades of night,
 With those who fell ?
- 3 Whether my soul in bliss,
 Or torments, must remain ?
 In everlasting happiness,
 Or endless pain ?

Where

Where shall my spirit find
Relief in such distress?
Who can restore my wounded mind
To perfect peace?

- 4 I must for mercy call
On my Redeeming Lord;
And humbly at his footstool fall,
And search his word:
His oracles unfold,
The wisdom from above,
Wherein I perfectly behold
That GOD is LOVE.
- 5 For all the human race
He hath a ransom giv'n;
And by the Spirit of his grace
He offers heaven:
He calls the prodigal,
The marriage-feast to share;
And in his Father's palace dwell,
And banquet there.
- 6 I come at Jesu's call,
My pardon to obtain;
And prostrate at his footstool fall,
And there remain,
'Till he pronounce the word—
Thy ransom'd soul is free;
I am thy reconciled Lord,
Rise, follow me.

P A R T II.

- 7 MY GOD is reconcil'd,
My sins are all forgiv'n,
He calls me his adopted child,
An heir of heav'n:
In this exalted state
Through the Redeemer's love,
With pleasure I anticipate
The joys above.

- 8 Still may I watch and pray,
And ever look to thee,
And learn, in thy appointed way,
Humility:
All evil let me shun,
And grow in ev'ry grace;
With chearfulness and patience run
The Christian race.
- 9 O may I ever please
My reconciled LORD;
And all the remnant of my days
Attend his word:
That I may wisdom gain,
The wisdom from above,
With all the sanctified obtain
Thy perfect love.
- 10 I cannot live without
Thy constant presence here;
O let thy perfect love cast out
Tormenting fear:
Assign me this abode,
The Christian's highest aim,
Who dwells in love, and dwells in God,
And God in him.
- 11 I long to imitate
The Elders round the throne,
WHO PROSTRATE AT THE SAVIOUR'S
HIS MERCIES OWN; [FEET,
THEY SING OF JESU'S LOVE,
WHO BOUGHT US WITH HIS BLOOD,
AND SHOUT, THRO' ALL THE REALMS
THE TRIUNE GOD. [ABOVE,
- 12 O that I could but sing,
Like the celestial choir,
Loud hallelujahs to our King,
And him admire:
In songs of Jesu's love,
My life should glide away;
Then join the choristers above,
In endless day.

HYMN

H Y M N LIX.

On the Last Judgment.

P A R T I.

1 **A** Mighty voice is heard !
 Let all mankind attend !
The great Arch-angel speaks the word,
 That time shall end !
 The awful day is come !
 By prophets long foretold ;
Jehovah on his great white Throne
 We now behold !

2 Arise both great and small,
 At his tribunal stand !
He sends the universal call
 Through ev'ry land.
 Ye seas, your dead restore !
 Ye graves, obey the call !
And death, and hell, appear before
 The Judge of all !

3 The whole of Adam's race
 Immediately appear,
Before the great Jehovah's face,
 Their doom to hear :
 The books are open'd wide,
 Which all their deeds contain ;
And all the guilty seek to hide
 Themselves in vain.

4 The Judge of all proceeds
 To execute his plan,
And judge according to the deeds
 Of every man :
 The dreadful woe is past,
 On sinners unforgiven :
And saints rejoice to find at last
 Their seats in heaven.

E 2

5. Their

- 5 Their mansions are prepar'd
 In Canaan's happy land;
 Where all receive their full reward
 At God's right-hand :
 Now all their trials end,
 The weary are at rest,
 In the enjoyment of their friend,
 For ever blest'd.
- 6 With endless glory crown'd,
 They hallelujah sing :
 And while their flowing joys abound,
 Adore their King :
 They at his footstool fall,
 And perfectly agree
 'To praise the Triune God, thro' all
 Eternity.

P A R T I I.

- 7 BEFORE the Saviour's face,
 The elder brethren stand ;
 And hail the younger sons of grace,
 At his command :
 They triumph evermore,
 And shout the slaughter'd Lamb !
 And thro' eternity adore
 His wond'rous name.
- 8 Array'd in spotless white,
 The whole triumphant choir,
 Are all transported at his sight,
 And him admire :
 They all his mercies own,
 They all his praises sing,
 And in full chorus round the throne
 Extol their King.
- 9 Proceeding from the throne,
 The chrystal streams descend ;
 The sacred banquet now begun,
 Shall never end :

They

They eat in Paradise,
The fruits of Jesu's love ;
Which nourish and immortalize
The hosts above.

- 10 Their sun no more declines,
Nor hides his radiant light ;
The Lamb himself in glory shines
For ever bright :
In this transcendant bliss,
The saints with Jesus reign,
And everlasting happiness
With him obtain.

- 11 The curse is at an end,
Through the Redeemer's grace,
THE RAPTUR'D HOSTS ENJOY THEIR
AND SEE HIS FACE : [FRIEND,
WITH EXTACY OF JOY,
THEY SWELL THE HEAV'NLY LAYS,
AND ALL ETERNITY EMPLOY
IN SONGS OF PRAISE.

- 12 All worship and renown,
Be to the Father giv'n ;
And equal honours to the Son,
By all in heaven :
Let all the heav'nly host
The Triune God adore :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For evermore.

H Y M N LX.

Gracious Father take me in.

[To the Tune of—*Love Divine.*]

- 1 **F**ULL of bitterness and mourning,
Burden'd with a load of sin,
Like the prodigal returning,
Gracious Father take me in :

God of infinite compassion,
 To my prayer thine ear incline,
 From this grievous condemnation,
 Save this helpless soul of mine.

2 At thy feet I lie confessing
 All my sins before thy face ;
 Waiting for my Father's blessing,
 O bestow thy saving grace !
 Let me not be disappointed,
 Save me, O Almighty God !
 For the sake of thine anointed,
 Who redeem'd me with his blood.

3 In his name I claim a pardon,
 Who hath died to make me free,
 From this grievous heavy burden,
 Set my soul at liberty :
 Let me now enjoy thy favour,
 God of Love thyself impart ;
 Come, thou everlasting Saviour,
 Live and reign within my heart.

4 O, thou merciful Creator,
 Now subdue the carnal mind,
 Wholly sanctify my nature,
 Let me full salvation find :
 Cleanse me by thy holy Spirit,
 Fix my heart on things above,
 Let me now in thee inherit
 Fullness of redeeming Love.

H Y M N LXI.

Teach me to number my Days.

1 **R**OUSE, my soul, from deadly slumber,
 That I may my Saviour please ;
 Teach me wisdom, LORD, to number
 All the remnant of my days :

Few

Few they are, and swiftly flying,
 I am posting to the grave;
 Gracious God, behold me dying,
 And from death eternal save.

2 Come, thou everlasting Saviour,
 To my soul thy peace impart;
 Let me now obtain thy favour,
 Write a pardon on my heart:
 Help me to obey my calling,
 Make my own election sure;
 Save and keep me, LORD, from falling,
 Let me to the end endure.

3 Come, Redeemer, and deliver,
 From the last remains of sin;
 Fix me on the rock for ever,
 Make me glorious all within:
 Fill my soul with consolation,
 Let me all thy goodness prove;
 Finish now thy great salvation,
 Give me, LORD, thy perfect love.

4 Then to everlasting glory
 Let my soul triumphant rise;
 Where the angels all adore thee,
 In the palace of the skies:
 Let me join the heavenly choir,
 Who in harmony unite;
 Glowing with seraphic fire,
 Round the throne of endless light.

H Y M N LXII.

The Grand Chorus.

1 **L**ISTEN to the choirs of heaven,
 While they hallelujahs sing;
 Where immortal praise is given
 To the everlasting King:

There

There celestial harps are sounding,
 Far above our mortal strains;
 Swelling notes, and joys abounding,
 Through the everlasting plains.

- 2 All the elders fall before him,
 Humbly at his footstool lie,
 Living creatures, to adore him,
 Holy, holy, holy, cry:
 In their undefil'd possession
 Countless multitudes unite,
 Praising GOD, above expression,
 In the realms of endless light.
- 3 All enjoy immortal treasure,
 Purchas'd by the Saviour's blood;
 Drinking in the streams of pleasure,
 Flowing from the throne of GOD:
 There his glorious sons inherit
 All their Father hath to give;
 All the fullness of his spirit
 In his saints for ever live.
- 4 As the voice of mighty thunder,
 Or as many waters loud,
 There the saints and angels render
 Praises to the Triune GOD:
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
 Join in concert to adore
 Him, with loudest exultation,
 Round his throne for evermore.

I N D E X.

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